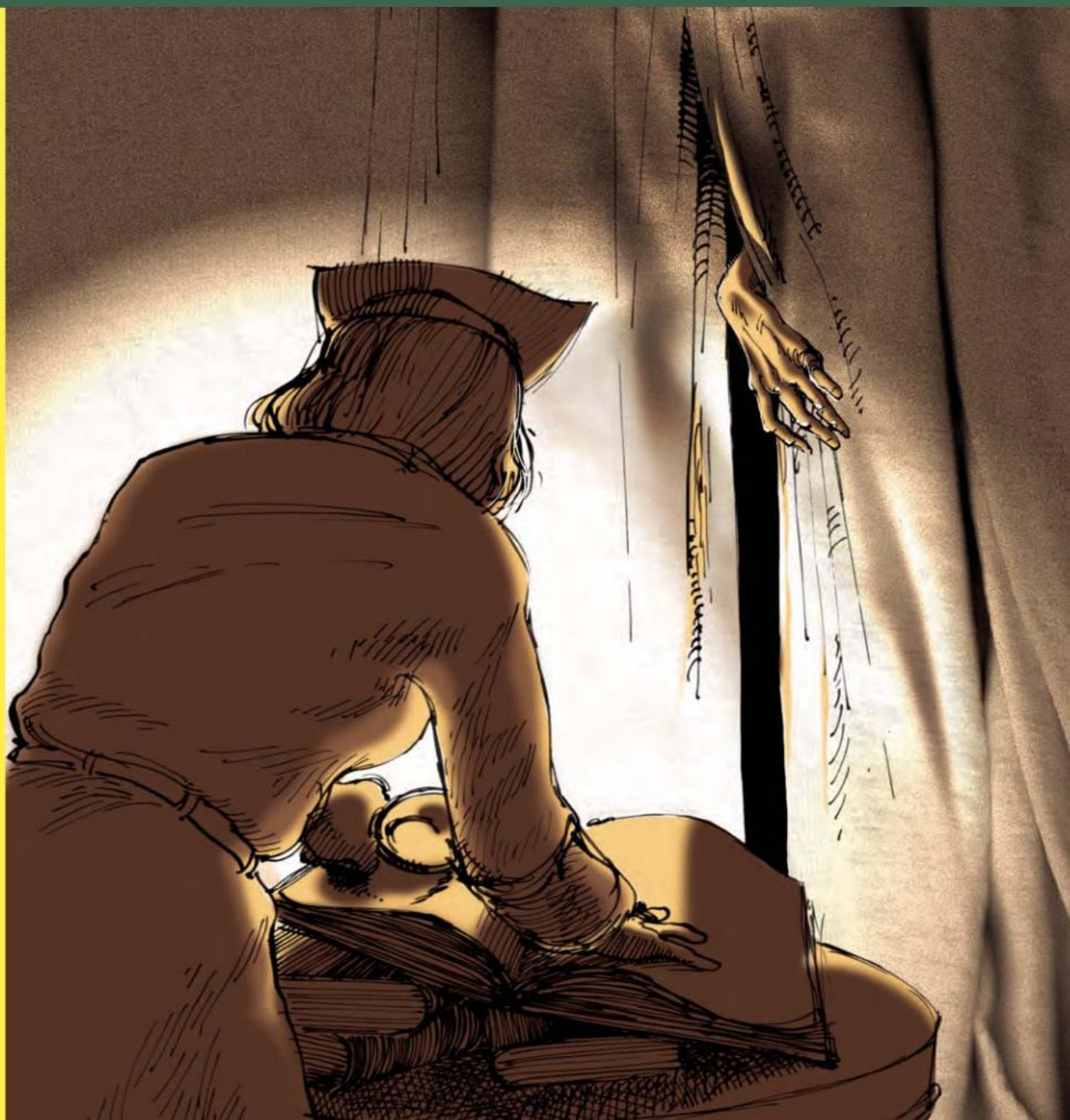
Hawajski sztylet

Hawaiian dagger

ANGIELSKI Z DETEKTYWEM



Felberg SJA

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Hawaiian Dagger

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CHAPTER 1

CHAPTER 2

A HOPELESS SITUATION

Betty Marshall was exhausted; she felt pain all through her body. All day she had been wandering the streets of London until it got dark and a cold winter night with heavy rain and high wind started.

When she was passing a small restaurant, the smell of soup reminded her that she had not eaten anything for forty eight hours. She wrapped her coat around herself, put on a hat and continued walking.

She headed for the Thames. The neighborhood was rather unpleasant, dark and scary. She didn't have a penny in her pocket and felt really frustrated. She stopped om the bridge

near the bank of the river and looked at the water below her feet. She heard a melody coming from a pub nearby, a song about a sailor who had never come back from his voyage and left beautiful girls in tears.

Yes, in London of that time there were beautiful girls crying, but not because of their lovers. They were crying because they were hungry and cold and didn't have a place to stay for the night.

"Two thousand nurses are unemployed in this town," it was the only answer she received for the past eight days when she tried to apply for a job in different hospitals.

She heard somebody's footsteps and saw light from a flashlight.

"Are you looking for something, miss?" asked a policeman passing her. "No? Then don't stay here any longer. It's not a safe place for a woman on her own."

She thanked him and crossed the bridge.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps again.

"Madam . . ."

She stopped on the bridge near the bank of the river and looked at the water below her feet.

The voice was quiet but pleasant.

"Madam . . ."

She turned back ready for some immoral proposal, decided to give a sharp answer.

"I have been following you for three hours, madam."

She laughed:

"Well, if you continue this chase, it's highly probable that you will end it with me at the bottom of this river."

"That is exactly why I am here—to prevent you from doing it."

Betty Marshall couldn't see the man's face but she noticed his low and broad shadow. She also smelled a good quality

cigar.

"I can help you, madam."

"Thank you. I'm not used to accepting such help," she answered thinking that she had understood the man's suggestion.

"I'm afraid you have misjudged my intentions," he said calmly.

"So, go ahead, sir. Explain to me what you want. I can listen to you as well as to the sound of the wind and that awful melody," she replied laughing again.

"You're a nurse, aren't you?"

"How did you know that?"

"You are dressed in a nurse's uniform."

"Oh, yes . . . I'd forgotten. But you have very good sight, sir."

"I know, I've been told so before, madam."

Betty felt more comfortable.

"I'm listening, then. If you help me earn a living and find somewhere to stay, you will do a good deed."

"I want to help you, but don't believe in my kindness. I'm not a philanthropist. I want to offer you a job."

"When, sir?"

"Well . . . now."

"No problem. Where?"

"I will take you there."

"There are many unemployed nurses in London," she said suspiciously.

"I know, but none of them would agree to come to the house I'm thinking of. She would have to be in a hopeless situation, like you."

"I see . . . It must be some contagious illness."

"No, not at all. The man who you will be taking care of is mentally ill instead. You will have to give him salt water and

tobacco juice or anything else that tastes awful and looks like medicine. The rest is not important."

"I don't understand . . ."

"The patient didn't scare other nurses. It's the house. It's haunted . . ."

Betty laughed for the third time, more honestly and happily.

"That's very interesting, sir. I don't believe in ghosts. And I guess I will never believe in them."

"Not if you live in this house."

"Then I will send an article about it to a metaphysical magazine."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to do that because the first condition of the job is to keep everything that you see in this haunted house a secret. The pay is good—one pound per week. The house is old and not very comfortable but your room is cozy and warm. There are no maids, only an old housekeeper who is half deaf and half blind. She will do the shopping for you as you will not be allowed to leave the house."

"You're offering me heaven on earth, Sir!"

"Hmm . . . If heaven is a place where you sleep in a bed, in a warm room and eat as much as you want."

"Perhaps it is true . . ."

"You don't have any family or friends, Miss Marshall?"

"Oh, my God. You are so well-informed!" she cried, a bit scared.

"That's good. You won't go out to visit anybody and you will not write letters."

"It's a bit strange . . ."

"You can take it or leave it," the man said sharply, showing her in this way that the conversation was over and that he would like to receive an answer.

The girl hesitated but she felt the cold wind blowing through her clothes and noticed waves on the dark water of the river.

"Let it be!" she said quietly. "I agree."

"Thank you. Follow me, please. We have to cross the bridge. My car is parked on the other side."

They walked for fifteen minutes but did not say a word to each other. The man was two steps ahead of her. She heard his short and heavy breath, which probably meant that he wasn't young. She hoped to see him clearly in the light from lamps on the bridge but he was wearing a hat and additionally the collar of his coat completely covered his face.

He stopped in front of his car and opened its door with a key. He told her to get in.

When she sat in the soft seat and smelled the petrol, she thought that finally she had found a safe place.

The man sat behind the steering wheel and started the car.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"You know where!"

"But in which direction?"

"It doesn't matter to you, but I still can take you back to the bridge," he said impatiently.

Betty was silent. They drove along crowded streets. She stopped guessing which part of London they were going to but she knew for sure they were heading for the suburbs.

After some time she saw a long low grey wall with tree branches hanging over it.

The car slowed down and the driver beeped the horn: three times short, one long . . .

"The letter 'V' in Morse code," she thought automatically.

The car lights lit for a moment the front wall of the house and she saw a picture of a dagger carved above the entrance door.

The man turned to her:

"You still have a chance to change your mind, madam," he said slowly.

Betty Marshall felt such pleasure caused by the warmth inside the car that she wouldn't be able to go back to the cold bank of the river.

"I have already agreed," she whispered.

"Very good, madam. I believe you will not regret it."

"Will I ever see you again?" she asked suddenly. "Please, don't forget that I will be alone here among strangers . . ."

The man hesitated.

"Perhaps, Miss Marshell. If you ever need anything, ask the housekeeper for the doctor. That will be enough."

"Thank you, Doctor . . ."

He laughed quietly.

"You can call me Doctor," he said. "It's as good as any other name. Now, I wish you all the best and farewell."

He opened the car door and helped her get out.

She saw stairs and a badly lit hall behind the open door. As soon as she stepped in, the door closed before she realized what was going on. Suddenly, terrified she turned back and turned the knob. The door was locked. She was trapped.

She heard somebody coming towards her . . .

CHAPTER 2

THE TERROR OF NURSES

"That's the sixth one this month!"

Mrs. Hinchcliff, a doctor and the head of the nursing school in London, was sitting on a chair which Tom Wills, the detective's

assistant, had placed for her in front of Harry Dickson's desk.

Her face was wrinkled. She looked tired. She was staring at the detective, begging him for help.

"Police doctors say that they were suicides," said Harry Dickson.

"I can't believe it, sir," the woman replied. "All those girls were very religious and committing suicide, even when you are desperate, is a sin."

"Unemployment among nurses is huge," the detective said quietly.

"And I believe nothing has been done to change this situation."

"Unfortunately, it's true, sir. Our schools give out too many diplomas and our hospitals do not have enough jobs for the nurses.

My organization has a limited budget and we can't ask our president, Sir Burland, for more money. When I told him that I wanted to meet you and talk about these tragic deaths, he promised to come with me and support us."

Harry Dickson nodded his head: Sir Burland was a well-known doctor, whom the detective had already met several times. He came back to the main subject of their meeting:

"All of the dead nurses have been found in the Thames river. Is that right, Mrs. Hinchcliff?"

The doctor seemed terrified:

"Poor girls!" she cried.

"Do you think that there have been others?"

"How can I know? Except for the girls who attend my school, I have no control over nurses."

She couldn't give him any more details but kept staring at him begging for help.

Dickson looked at her wrinkled face, her flabby cheeks and her unattractive figure. He realized how much of an effort she had made to come to him because she was used to giving orders and not asking for anything.

"The last girl who was found this morning—who was she?" he asked after a few moments of silence.

"Mary Lenson, an absent-minded girl who we weren't satisfied with," the woman answered.

"She isn't kind, even when talking about a dead person," Harry Dickson thought.

"I am seriously worried about one more girl," Mrs. Hinchcliff continued. "Miss Betty Marshall. We separated in anger but she is a good nurse. I had to dismiss her for her impertinence. Later I found out that she had no money and that she talked to her friends about committing suicide."

"Have you done anything to help her?" Harry Dickson asked.

"No, sir. But believe me, I regret it very much."

"Has she asked you for help?"

"Not for help but for a job."

"That is an important difference."

The doctor flushed and became furious: "She dared say such things which a nurse should never say. I could sue her and punish if I only wanted to."

"Oh . . . God only knows, maybe you have already sentenced her to death, Mrs. Hinchcliff!"

The clock struck ten. Mrs. Hinchcliff took a watch from her pocket and looked at it.

The clock struck ten. Mrs. Hinchcliff took a watch from her pocket and looked at it.

"Your clock runs very well," she said satisfied. "I hate clocks which run late and I hate people who are not punctual, no matter what their position is. Well, Sir Burland should be here any minute."

"Isn't that his carriage? The one that has just stopped in front of our gate?" asked Tom Wills, who was standing next to the window and pretending he wasn't listening to the conversation between Harry Dickson and Mrs. Hinchcliff.

"A carriage? With horses? Yes, it must be Sir Burland. He can't stand cars."

After a while Mrs. Crown, the detective's housekeeper, let the new guest in.

He was a tall slim man of an age difficult to describe—he looked both young and old. He bowed his head in greeting and, not waiting for an invitation, sat down in an armchair.

"Good morning. We've already met so there is no need to introduce myself," the man started. "This young gentleman is Tom Wills, isn't he? The lady and I are friends . . . So, this short beginning has saved us some time."

Harry Dickson shook his hand and agreed to this unusual introduction by nodding his head.

"Mrs. Hinchcliff has told you everything, Mr. Dickson? That's good.

She is mad but she wanted to see you and convince you that those nurses found in the Thames have been murdered. But what do you think about it?" The detective shrugged his shoulders:

"I don't have an opinion concerning this case yet, sir. I'll start the investigation and then you may ask me about it."

"All right, then. Start the investigation. I will pay for it, even if it doesn't prove anything."

The tone of his voice was sarcastic and unpleasant. But it was directed at the doctor, not the detective.

"When you stop worrying, Mrs. Hinchcliff, we will be able to discuss other problems," said Sir Burland, who had not stopped talking even for a second.

He took a look around the room.

"Modern furniture, hmm . . . I don't like it."

He saw an old clock and his eyes glowed with approval.

"What a beautiful old thing! Congratulations! I love antiques and I guess that is the only reason why I am so attached to Mrs. Hinchcliff. She must be a hundred years old — at least as far as her way of thinking is concerned because in reality she is younger. Oh, what is that?"

He picked up a paperweight, a gift from an Eastern prince whom Dickson had done a great favor.

"Solid gold!" he cried in admiration. "Gold! I love gold, Mr. Dickson. Not because of its value but because of its beauty. Mrs. Hinchcliff has probably told you that I give a lot of money

to charity but if I had to give gold instead of signing checks, I wouldn't be so generous. Well, this piece is really incredible!" he sighed and put the paperweight back on the desk.

Dickson decided to return to the topic of the conversation again:

"I would like to receive some explanations concerning the tragically dead," he said. "I suppose you do not have much to say on this matter, sir."

"No," Sir Burland replied. "I've come here to support Mrs. Hinchcliff 's request and to assure you that I will repay the costs. That is the only purpose of my visit, Mr. Dickson."

"But I would like to add something!" the doctor said.

"Yes, madam?"

"Except for Betty Marshall, none of the nurses was so desperate. Besides . . ."

She hesitated as if it was difficult for her to express her thoughts.

"Besides?" the detective repeated.

"I . . . don't pay attention to such things but in my opinion all of the dead girls were very beautiful!"

"Hmm . . ." Sir Burland interrupted. "Beauty is subjective. I think that only three of them were really pretty."

"Can you give me their names?" the detective asked.

"Of course, Mr. Dickson. Sonia Tsaneff, Milly Bell and Laura Triggs."

The detective wrote down the names.

"And the others?"

Sir Burland answered:

"In my opinion they weren't pretty at all."

"But they were healthy and strong!" Mrs. Hinchcliff cried. "Isn't that a feature of beauty?"

"I agree," Sir Burland replied.

Harry Dickson added three more names: Alice Bellamy, Kate Zeller and Mary Lenson.

"Why did their beauty and health attract your attention, Mrs. Hinchcliff?" he asked.

"Because I believe that it was the reason why those girls became victims of some criminals."

Harry Dickson got up.

"I don't want to keep you any longer," he said kindly. "I will start working on this case immediately."

"Come with me, Mrs. Hinchcliff. I will take you home," offered Sir Burland. "Unless you prefer those modern taxis?"

They left, but their argument was heard from the street.

"Uff!" Tom Wills sighed. "What funny people! But who exactly is Sir Burland?"

"He's a highly-educated man, a medical doctor. A few times he acted on behalf of our government. He served in missions researching comas in Cameroon, leprosy in Indonesia and cholera in India. He's a very eccentric man, which you have noticed yourself, because he is very clever and, above all, very rich."

"He liked your paperweight very much!"

The detective smiled and told Tom that he was going to the Institute of Forensic Medicine to see Doctor Redlew.

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Doctor Redlew welcomed the detective like an old friend because they had worked together on many occasions in the past.

Dickson summarized the request from Mrs. Hinchcliff and Sir Burland.

"I've seen the bodies of those poor nurses," said Redlew. "And I haven't noticed any evidence of crime."

"The first three were pretty, the others were healthy and strong," said the detective, repeating Mrs. Hinchcliff 's words.

Doctor Redlew looked at him carefully:

"Wait a minute, Dickson. Something is wrong here. Pretty . . . maybe, however, I was not able to tell it looking at the bodies which had been in water for many days. We have to believe Mrs. Hinchcliff. But healthy and strong? Oh no, my dear. I'll check in my notes . . ."

He looked through some pages in his notebook and suddenly cried:

"I've found it! Alice Bellamy, Kate Zeller and Mary Lenson—all three had tuberculosis. Sonia Tseneff, Milly Bell and Laura Triggs were addicted to morphine. I'm sorry but the doctor was wrong."

Harry Dickson took notes but kept quiet.

"Does that sound interesting to you?" Redlew asked.

"Perhaps," the detective replied, lost in thought.

CHAPTER 3

THE RETURN OF BETTY MARSHALL

The telephone on the detective's desk rang.

"This is Mrs. Hinchcliff speaking," the voice on the other side said.

"Can you come here immediately, please, Mr. Dickson? Betty Marshall has returned."

"Really? She has already caused you a lot of trouble . . . What now?"

"Come and see yourself. She has lost her mind. She is . . . I cannot describe it. She has a high fever. She is talking about strange things.

She seems to be very depressed but at the same time really scared. We had to tie her arms and legs because she had some terrible attacks. She keeps talking about monsters and ghosts. You have to see it."

The detective did not hesitate. He asked Tom Wills to take him to Mrs. Hinchcliff 's nursing school.

The doctor was waiting for him in front of the entrance, trembling impatiently.

"Hurry up, sir!"

They went quickly through the white corridors. The smell in the building was typical of hospitals. A few girls, dresses in white uniforms, passed them quietly.

"Room 86," read Mrs. Hinchcliff opening the door.

They saw a small room, clean and bright. A nurse sitting by the bed got up when they entered.

"Well, Mrs. Sturdee?" asked the doctor.

"A 104-degree temperature. She does not recognize anyone and she **things that don't make sense** talks about terrifying things that don't make sense."

"We'll see. Has Sir Burland arrived?"

"No, not yet, madam. But he has called and said that he will come as soon as possible."

"That's good," Mrs. Hinchcliff answered and turned to the patient lying on the bed breathing heavily.

"Well, my dear Betty?"

The woman opened her eyes, looked at the doctor and mumbled:

"You old witch!"

Mrs. Hinchcliff was shocked by this comment.

"I think she recognizes you," Mrs. Sturdee said innocently.

"Could you be more polite, Mrs. Sturdee?!"

The poor nurse looked down.

"I'm sorry . . ., madam. I didn't mean to insult you."

"Enough!"

Betty Marshall moved, even though she was still tied down. She was staring at the doctor with horror in her eyes.

"You are so thin!" she whispered.

"Even if it's true, it just means that I'm healthy, my dear."

The patient looked at Harry Dickson.

"He is very thin, too," she said. "But none of you are Death, are you?"

"What silly things you are saying, dear Betty!" Mrs. Hinchcliff said.

"I don't want Death to touch me!" Betty shouted trying to take the bonds off her arms.

"An attack is coming," Mrs. Sturdee said. "Can I give her an injection to calm her down?"

And not waiting for an answer she approached the bed with a syringe in her hand. Harry Dickson stopped her:

"Not yet, madam!" he ordered.

And not waiting for an answer she approached the bed with a syringe in her hand.

Harry Dickson stopped her:

"Not yet, madam!" he ordered.

"But she keeps talking about death which comes at night to take her away. She can see it everywhere. She just said to me: 'You are too fat to be Death, so stay with me, please.'"

Harry Dickson looked at the patient carefully and then moved the collar of her nightdress a bit in order to expose her neck.

"Oh, don't strangle me! I can't stand it any more. You want to kill me! Have mercy, please . . . Why did you bring me to this

awful house, Doctor? Doctor, I'm begging you. Come back!"

"Some strange marks," said the detective showing Betty's neck to Mrs. Hinchcliff. On both sides there were long blue marks.

"These are marks left by fingers," the doctor whispered. "Fingers of a person who knows very well how to grasp a human neck, believe me!"

He looked at the marks through a magnifying glass and frowned.

"Strange!" he repeated.

"Why, Mr. Dickson?"

"Take a look, madam."

The doctor took the magnifying glass from his hand and looked through it. Dickson noticed that she twitched.

"These are not marks left by typical fingers, Mr. Dickson, but longer and bony ones like . . ." she hesitated.

"Like a skeleton's fingers," Harry Dickson finished quietly as if he didn't want anybody else but her to hear.

"Yes . . . but that's horrible and impossible to believe," she whispered, too.

"This house!" Betty moaned.

"Which house, my dear child?" asked the detective "I'll go there right now and arrest all those people who have hurt you. I'm Harry Dickson."

The girl seemed to be conscious for a while.

"Harry Dickson!" she whispered making a lot of effort but she became calmer when she heard this magic name.

"Which house is it, dear child?" he repeated.

She looked at him more seriously and again tried to free her bound hands but this was of course impossible. The detective helped her untie them and immediately she grabbed his hand and said:

"Harry Dickson, you will not let me go back to the house of Death, will you?"

"I won't, my child. Anyway, such a house doesn't exist. It was just a bad dream!"

Betty behaved as if she hadn't heard his words.

"He was grey, or black . . . Walking in the darkness at night."

"Who, Betty?"

"Death! He looked through the holes in the door and laughed sarcastically!"

"Where is this house?"

"A car took me there. I don't know. The Doctor knows but he never came back, even though I begged Margaret to call him."

"Tell me something more about this house, my child," asked the detective.

"A dagger, a strange dagger . . ."

"Oh, I can see that the bird is back in its nest," suddenly a well-known voice was heard.

Sir Burland appeared at the door.

"This is Betty Marshall," Mrs. Hinchcliff explained. "She arrived here in the morning, completely covered in mud, unconscious and mad. We had to tie her up. Only now Mr. Dickson has let her hands free," she added.

Sir Burland was calm.

"Do not forget that it is us who ordered you to work on this case, sir!" he commented.

"You are wrong, Sir Burland. Things have changed since we met last. I represent police authority now."

"Why is that?" he asked sharply.

"Because this morning I received orders from Scotland Yard to find the murderer of the nurses," Dickson replied.

"The murderer? So they were murdered?" Burland asked.

"Yes," said the detective seriously. "And that is why I would like you not to interfere in my investigation. I've told you enough and I don't want to waste any more time. I will allow you to stay here if you want to."

"He will allow us!" Mrs. Hinchcliff lost her breath for a moment as she was extremely angry.

"Yes, I allow you and that is all I can do for you at this moment."

Harry Dickson was surprised that he felt nervous in this situation. He wasn't able to explain why he was so rude to his hosts. Was it because he did not see any sympathy for the sick girl in the comments made by Mrs. Hinchcliff and Sir Burland? Or was it because he had seen how little they cared about the accidents of the nurses?

But soon he was to find out that his intuition had not let him down.

Sir Burland calmed down and Mrs. Hinchcliff, not supported by anybody, had to be quieter, too.

"Anyway, Dickson, you know what you are supposed to do and I can't tell you which methods you should use, even in my own school."

All the time during this conversation they didn't pay any attention to Betty, who didn't move, just breathing heavily.

"Harry Dickson . . . you've got to find this house."

"Yes, yes, tell me Betty . . ."

Suddenly she opened widely her eyes and a terrifying scream was heard:

"The dagger from the house! The da . . ."

"Dagger!" somebody behind the detective shouted. He turned back immediately and saw the terrified face of Mrs. Sturdee.

"Look!" she said pointing to the bed and fainted.

Harry Dickson turned back to Betty and shouted with anger. The woman's face showed pain, she moved her hand towards

her chest covered with blood, and then he saw the dagger . . .

Mrs. Hinchcliff and Sir Burland moved backwards with fear.

"Killed . . . here . . . murdered . . . in our presence . . .," Sir Burland mumbled.

The detective recovered from the shock first. He pulled the weapon from the wound and held it in his hand.

"Look at this poor girl. I'm afraid her death was almost instantaneous."

Mrs. Hinchcliff bent over Betty Marshall.

"That is true, sir . . ."

Dickson looked at the murder weapon.

"Interesting," he said. "A Hawaiian dagger."

He wrapped it in a handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

"Five people are together in one room and one of them is murdered . . .," Sir Burland started.

Harry Dickson interrupted him immediately.

"It's a well-known puzzle. Who—out of the four left alive—is the murderer, right? Let me tell you that this kind of analysis doesn't make sense. The murderer might be somewhere outside the room, too.

By the way, who exactly is Mrs. Sturdee? She seems to have trouble coming round."

Mrs. Hinchcliff gave him the information:

"She's been working for me for 25 years. She's not very intelligent but extremely loyal. You don't suspect her, Mr. Dickson, do you?"

Dickson looked at the woman lying on the floor.

"Definitely not!" he said finally turning round.

He looked at Betty Marshall's body and announced:

"I will never let you down, you poor girl. I promise that I will find your murderer, whoever he is!"

Saying this he suddenly turned back and looked straight into Sir Burland's eyes. He didn't move but noticed what the detective did.

"Is this some kind of an experiment, Mr. Dickson?" he said. "You have the right to suspect everybody in this room, including me. So if you decide to arrest me, I will not protest."

Dickson shook his head.

"I am not going to arrest you, sir."

"But you suspect me, don't you?"

The detective didn't answer. Nurses, called in by Mrs. Hinchcliff, came to take Betty Marshall's body. Mrs. Sturdee, supported by one of her colleagues, went to her room. For a moment the detective was alone in the room with Sir Burland. He moved closer to him.

"I didn't answer your question, sir, because I wanted to do it in private. Yes, Sir Burland, I do suspect you!"

Sir Burland replied angrily:

"It's war, then, Dickson?"

"Did you also use that word to describe your activities in other countries in the past?"

"Hmm . . . I can see that you know a lot about me, Dickson!"

"I do. And I am going to continue watching you, Sir Burland!

Detectives usually do not inform the person who they suspect about this fact. Actually, they even try to hide it. But I don't want to offend you by treating you that way. This must be a fair game. You are an intelligent man and I'm sure you understand that it's impossible not to suspect you! But I need evidence to prove it. Otherwise, I would make a fool of myself. I've shown you all my cards and now I guess you're going to leave London for some time."

"That's a good guess!" the man answered calmly.

"Of course. Yesterday the Foreign Office ordered you to complete a mission in Africa, as far as I know."

"My compliments! It's true. I'm leaving tonight."

"I know you have very influential friends, sir," the detective replied furiously. "But even if I have to hunt for you all around the world, I'll find you. Now, I can't prove that you're a criminal and I can't stop you from leaving London but . . . one day I'll catch you!"

"Good luck, Harry Dickson! You are quite intelligent, although your knowledge is only average. I have one question which you may or may not answer: Did you start suspecting me today?"

"Oh, no! I know you're very well-educated and I appreciate it but I also know that Oswald Burland has always been a criminal!"

"All right!" the man said. "I like the fact that you are so frank with me. Can I ask you some details?"

"You realized a few days or even a few weeks ago that all the facts had to lead us to you and you knew that I could get information about your life and your work in foreign countries without any problem. And I did. Two years ago, when you were in Asia, several young girls were found dead in Surabaya. You were involved in that case but thanks to your connections it was covered up. But you were asked to leave the country and never go back there ever again."

"And you've noticed the similarity between these two cases, haven't you?"

"You must admit that it was logical."

"Do you know the reason for those murders in Asia?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't. But when I find it out, you will be in real trouble!"

"You are indeed clever, however, you've made a few mistakes."

"I know that you will be fighting till the end, Burland. That is why I have nothing against your trip. I believe that even if you fail, you will not escape or commit suicide."

"You're a good psychologist, Dickson," said Sir Burland as if admiring the detective. "You've been honest with me, so now I'm going to be honest with you. You will die in fifteen days if you don't stop working on this case."

"I prefer to die in fifteen days."

"I never doubted it because you are a brave man. Good luck, Dickson!"

"See you soon, sir."

"Oh, that means something . . . Well, you never know. I also have to take unexpected events into consideration."

They talked without hatred, knowing that they both were very clever.

"Good bye, detective," Sir Burland bowed and left the room.

Harry Dickson returned to his house in Baker Street.

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Later that evening the detective put down his pipe and said loudly:

"Damn it!"

"What is it?" Tom Wills asked.

"Mrs. Sturdee! Why did she shout? She saw it! Do you understand?

That's why she fainted. As a nurse she had seen even worse accidents in the past. But what she saw at that moment was so unbelievable that she fainted! . . . Oh my God! I'm afraid that we may be too late!"

He ran downstairs, ordering Tom to start the car immediately. Fifteen minutes later they arrived at the nursing school.

"To Mrs. Sturdee's room!" he said to the caretaker showing him his police badge.

"Mrs. Sturdee has just passed away, sir."

"We've come too late!" The detective thought for a moment and then said: "Take me to the director!"

"Follow me, sir."

They went down the same corridor as that morning. The caretaker knocked at a door.

"Come in!" somebody said.

Mrs. Hinchcliff was sitting behind her desk looking at a white piece of paper in front of her and seemed to be thinking about something intensively.

"Mr. Dickson!" she said. "Your visit will save me from writing a very difficult letter which I wanted to send to you tonight."

"That's not necessary, Mrs. Hinchcliff. I've come to arrest you. I must warn you that from this moment on anything you say may be used against you."

"Very good," she replied calmly. "I would go with you but it's too late . . ."

She looked at her watch.

"I understood out everything this morning, Mr. Dickson. I swear I didn't know about these awful crimes before. You will believe me soon."

"But Mrs. Sturdee's death . . ."

"Yes, I am responsible for it. But she died without any pain. I am also going to die. I can feel the poison I have taken is starting to work. That is my punishment. But it's a beautiful thing to die for someone you love!"

"Oswald Burland!" the detective whispered.

"I loved him, sir! I still love him . . ."

She collapsed. Dickson ran to catch her and realized that she was dead.

CHAPTER 4

THE WAR

Five days later Dickson read the following headline on the front page of the Times:

"SIR OSWALD BURLAND IS DEAD. GREAT LOSS FOR SCIENCE.

Sir Oswald Burland, a well-known British doctor, died yesterday in a car accident. He was driving along the coast when his car suddenly turned and fell down a cliff. When policemen came to rescue him, he was already dead . . .!"

Dickson put away the newspaper and started thinking.

"This method is too traditional to make me believe it," he whispered. "On the other hand, Oswald Burland was too cunning to use this kind of trick. But how can I be sure?"

He called Tom Wills who was working in the library.

"My boy!" he said. "In two hours you will catch a plane from London to Toulouse and then to Marseille. You will visit the British consul there and ask him on my behalf to help you see Sir Burland's body. You have to check if it is really his body. You've met him a number of times so you will be able to recognize if he is trying to trick us."

The next day the detective received Tom's report: he was sure that Oswald Burland was dead . . . He had checked the body carefully and noticed a scar on his left cheek which he remembered seeing and which would be impossible to make within a couple of days on someone else's body. With the help of a doctor he confirmed that the scar appeared several years ago. He also sent the dead man's fingerprints.

Harry Dickson decided to compare them with those left by Sir Burland on his paperweight. They matched so a mistake was impossible.

Tom Wills was supposed to come back from Marseille the next day and the house in Baker Street seemed empty. The detective worked many hours during the day and started feeling tired. He decided to go to his club so he called Mrs. Delmar, the manager, and found out that Mr. Lammerset—a writer, Mr. Derrington—a mathematician and Mr. Sandor—a chess master, planned to go to the club as well.

The evening was bright and warm so he took a walk. He was passing Knightsbridge Street when suddenly somebody stopped him and asked:

"Did you lose this, sir?"

An old gentleman showed him something but it was dark and the detective couldn't see what it was.

"I don't think so," he replied. "But what is it anyway?"

"It's a box, quite valuable I suppose, perhaps even made of silver. I think it has a name carved on the lid but I can't read it without my glasses."

Dickson bent down, smelled something strange and . . . that was all. He had the impression that the darkness around him pulled him down. Then he felt that a car carried him away.

When he woke up he felt awful. Usually coming round after using some kind of harmful substance is extremely painful. But in this case Harry Dickson did not feel anything unexpected; his mind was clear and his brain worked properly. He was sitting in a car parked on a bridge over the Thames.

He immediately judged his situation and the fact that he was very lucky because the gas from the box did not have such a strong effect on him.

The car door wasn't locked so it was easy for Dickson to get out. He didn't have much time to think; he had to act and draw conclusions from the unsuccessful attack on his life. He saw

the lights of a boat which belonged to the water police in front of him. He ran toward them.

"Good evening," he said and showed his badge.

The policeman, who had been reading a newspaper, jumped.

"Mr. Dickson! You don't have to show me your badge. I recognize you. Has something bad happened?"

"Could I borrow your bicycle and a bucket of water?"

The detective got what he wanted and went back to the car in order to pour the water into the petrol tank.

"Now I can be sure that I will be able to follow the car," he said to himself.

He returned the bucket and took the policeman's bicycle.

While he was cycling toward the car, he saw it drive away. Fortunately, its engine didn't work properly and the driver had to slow down, so Dickson could ride after it without any problems.

The car drove through different districts of London until it reached an area with old-fashioned houses.

Suddenly, the detective heard a few beeps of a horn and then the car turned right and disappeared, but he soon saw it in the light of a street lamp next to the gate. He could also see the front wall of the house behind the fence.

"The Hawaiian dagger," he cried surprised.

He studied the picture carved in the wall with great attention. He looked at his watch. The whole episode had lasted for only one hour. He took the bicycle back to the police station and then went to his club.

The detective got what he wanted and went back to the car in order to pour the water into the petrol tank.

He took a taxi and when he arrived there Mr. Sandor and Mr. Lommerset were finishing a game of chess.

"Oh, you're back, Dickson! Do you want to witness Sandor's victory?" Lommerset asked.

Back? This word surprised the detective. He didn't understand what they meant.

"Well, I'm not so much interested in your game," he answered impolitely, extremely curious how Lammerset would react.

"You were sitting all the time in the blue room with this crazy man Derrington talking about Einstein's theories until somebody called Mr. Derrington. I bet that when you left together you continued your conversation in the street."

"You are indeed right," Harry Dickson replied, laughing, but he was thinking about something else. He went to see Mrs. Delmar.

She was sitting in her private room and when the detective came in she stopped reading and looked at him.

"Did you see my walking stick with the silver ball on top when I came here the first time this evening?" Dickson asked.

"Don't you remember, Mr. Dickson, that I didn't open the door for you? Mr. Derrington, who had just arrived, welcomed you in the corridor and shouted to me that I didn't have to bother."

"So I will have to ask the professor because this stick is quite valuable to me. Could you give me his address, please?"

"He lives nearby. Take the third turning to the left. His is the second house on the right. It's a strange old building with a picture of our planet carved on the door. You can't miss it!"

The detective followed her directions and easily found the place. He knocked several times at the door but nobody opened. Finally, a neighbor looked out through his window and asked Dickson why he was making such a noise so late.

"I'd like to speak to Professor Derrington," he replied loudly.

The neighbor replied:

"I guess that will be difficult. I haven't seen the professor for a couple of days and actually his dog has been howling all the time. I was planning to call the police tomorrow," and he closed the window.

"Things are becoming complicated," the detective murmured. "What if I . . .?"

He managed to open the door without any problems using a picklock and entered the hall. A small dog ran to him and started to jump on him with joy.

"Hello, little doggy," Dickson said. "Where is your owner?"

The dog went upstairs as if showing the detective the way. Dickson could smell something strange and sweet when he stopped in front of a door. He opened it and stepped backwards when he realized how awful the air inside was.

He turned on his flashlight and saw a dark shape on a bed. It was Professor Derrington, dead with a terrible wound right under his chin.

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The next day Harry Dickson found out that Mr. Derrington hadn't been in the club for 8 days but a few minutes before the detective's phone call yesterday he announced his arrival as well.

Dickson admired how cunning his enemy was. Everything was thought out in the smallest detail. When he was kidnapped, somebody else came to the club and pretended to be him. Somebody was trying to mislead the police and to threaten him.

He also received information from Scotland Yard. The house — called Bantam House—belonged to Mr. Cornelis von Mylen. Only his housekeeper lived there because the owner had left England some time ago. Mr. Belair of Ludgate was in charge of the building until he returned.

At the start Harry Dickson wanted to call Mr. Belair but finally he decided not to because his plan had to be kept a secret.

He started walking up and down in his room, thinking:

"Tom Wills is coming back soon but should I allow him to play such a role if the enemy is so dangerous? No, I have to do it myself . . . But how?"

Suddenly, he stopped and then ran out of his house and went in the direction of Whitechapel Road. He reached it a few minutes later.

He knocked at a door.

"Come in!" a woman's voice said.

When he opened the door, the lady of the house got up from her chair.

"Mr. Dickson! What are you doing here?"

"I've come to suggest something very nice to you, Miss Bronson. A holiday in Paris or Menton with a check in your pocket to make your stay more enjoyable."

"Wonderful!" Lizzie Bronson didn't even seem surprised. "I understand that I have to disappear from London for a few days. But could you explain it to me a bit, Mr. Dickson?"

The detective looked at her, highly amused. She was a tall and slim but well-built woman.

"You're a nurse, aren't you? And you are not employed at the moment, right?"

"Unfortunately, that's true. The times are very difficult," she sighed.

"Can I see your uniform, please? Yes! If you don't mind, I will sit for a moment in front of your mirror."

Lizzie Bronson knew Harry Dickson quite well so she didn't ask any questions when she heard his request. But when she saw how after a few minutes the detective had turned into a new person, she said:

"Oh, my goodness! Am I Lizzie Bronson or are you? You are a magician!"

Harry Dickson laughed. The uniform was a bit too tight for him but the make-up was perfect.

"I believe somebody is going to be in trouble when you prepare yourself like that," the nurse said.

In the evening the detective had a long talk with Tom Wills and asked him to come with the police to Bantam House and stay hidden somewhere nearby in case he needed help.

The next day the operation began.

CHAPTER 5

THE SECRET OF BANTAM HOUSE

"Oh, it's you, Miss Bronson. I haven't seen you for a while. Have you found a job?"

"Do you think I would be here if I had found one, Miss Shane?"

"Well, I'll put you on the waiting list, then. Your number is 1296."

"Have mercy!" Lizzie cried. "I will have to start eating fog and drinking water from the river unless some fatal disease appears in London! Isn't there a chance of getting at least a temporary job?"

"I'm afraid not," the secretary answered.

"Listen, Miss Shane. Perhaps I'm not one of the youngest nurses in this town but I bet I'm the fittest and the healthiest one. Even if you order me to take care of a person suffering from cholera, I'll do it because I'm sure I'm strong enough."

"I'm sorry. There hasn't been even a single case of cholera in London recently," the secretary replied. "Why don't you go to India or China?"

"I'll kill myself if I don't get a job. And you will be responsible for it!" the nurse shouted and left the office, slamming the door very loudly.

"What a crazy woman!" Miss Shane said and then thought:

"The fittest and the healthiest woman in London . . .?"

She laughed sarcastically:

"Well, you desperately wanted a job, so I will find one for you."

She picked up the phone . . .

Lizzie Bronson was walking along the streets of London. She was shivering because her coat was not thick enough to protect her from the cold. At noon she stopped in front of a cheap bar, counted the money she had in her pocket and went in.

Around four o'clock it started to get dark. Lizzie noticed a car driving slowly behind her and a man inside who was watching her carefully.

The weather was awful and most people were hiding in their homes so the street was nearly empty. She was walking in the direction of the Thames. The car parked near the bridge. She stopped as well and looked down at the water in the river.

Somebody appeared behind her.

"Good evening, Miss Bronson!"

"It's not a good evening for me," she replied. "And who are you?"

She looked at the man. He was wearing a warm coat and a hat covering his head and eyes.

"Please, forgive me, Miss Bronson," he said calmly. "But I believe I can help you."

"Well, catch a cold, so that I can take care of you."

The stranger laughed.

"There's nothing to laugh at!" she commented.

"You are just the woman I have been looking for," he said earnestly. "If you don't ask too many questions, I can offer you a job."

"I will ask just two. Will I have something to eat so I don't die of starvation and will there be a warm stove so I can sleep comfortably?"

"I like the way you talk, Miss Bronson. I hope you will not complain. Follow me, please."

They went to his car and, as in case of Betty Marshall, they arrived at the house with the image of a Hawaiian dagger.

The door opened and the nurse went inside. And again the same thing which had happened to Betty Marshall took place now. Somebody walked towards the nurse. But this time Harry Dickson was playing the role of the girl.

The detective looked at that person and saw a thin old woman in a long dress.

"Come closer," she said.

The nurse obeyed.

"The kitchen is on the left. You can warm yourself up and eat something. After that I will show you your room."

"And what about my patient?" Harry Dickson asked.

"He is here but he is resting," the old woman explained. "You will start taking care of him tomorrow if you really want to."

"Of course, I do. That is why I have come here."

The old woman took the nurse to the kitchen and gave her a large bowl of potatoes. Miss Bronson was eating when she asked the housekeeper:

"Can you tell me something more about my patient? What is actually the matter with him?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"It's none of my business. And you shouldn't ask about it, either. I can't hear you well so it'll be better if we don't talk at all."

"I understand," said Lizzie-Dickson.

"I'll take you to your room now," the woman said and picked up a lamp.

They went upstairs.

"This is your room. You've got a fire, water and a lamp. Good night."

Harry Dickson listened to her footsteps going down in the hall for a moment. Then he looked around his room.

There was nothing unusual here: a big bed on one side, a dressing table in the corner, a round table in the middle, two chairs and an armchair, a little stove in another corner. There were heavy, thick curtains in the window. The detective went to them quickly, looked behind them and saw wooden shutters which he couldn't open.

He saw another door opposite the bed. It wasn't locked. Harry Dickson pushed it open and entered a small library. He put the lamp on a small table on which there were some books and brochures.

"Let's see what we have here" he said to himself.

In this room the window was also covered by curtains and outside there were shutters, too. But one thing attracted his attention: the air in the room was warm and pleasant even, though there wasn't a stove. The detective realized that it had to come from a neighboring room the door to which was closed.

Harry Dickson noticed a little table next to a sofa. On the table there was a small lamp and an open book: "Travel to Borneo."

"That's interesting," he thought. He touched the bulb in the lamp: it was warm.

He switched on the small lamp and took his own lamp back to his room. He took off his coat and put on a blond wig. He looked into the mirror and smiled.

Suddenly, he froze—somebody was walking in the library.

"I will see if there is anything interesting to read," he said loudly.

There was nobody in the neighboring room when he entered it but the travel book had disappeared.

He didn't show any sign of surprise and started to look through the books on the table. Finally, he chose a book of Sir

Walter Scott's poetry.

"It's not funny but I hope it will help me fall asleep," the detective said.

Harry Dickson looked at the window. The curtains moved and he saw a dark narrow gap in the middle.

Somebody was watching him.

He was terribly nervous but he only yawned and put down the book.

He heard some noise and unexpectedly the gap became wider. He saw a monster . . .

The detective was usually able to keep his cool but this time the shock was too great and he screamed.

He saw Death . . .

Yes, the monster looked like Death presented in many pictures in books—it was a skeleton with white bones in a white robe with a horrible skull.

Its mouth opened and the monster said:

"Stand still if you want to stay alive."

Harry Dickson wanted to say something but suddenly someone's strong hands grabbed him and he stood face to face with the housekeeper.

However, it wasn't the old woman who he had met but a tall strong one with muscular arms. This moment of surprise was nearly fatal for the detective.

They tied him up immediately.

"Hurry, Sha!" the skeleton whispered. "We can't waste any more time. I am very cold."

The woman put Dickson on her back like a sack of potatoes and walked towards the curtains.

"Why didn't I guess?" the detective thought. "There must be something else behind the curtains, not only a window."

It was true. The shutters were open and he saw a long corridor with electric lights.

"They are very modern!" he thought.

"Hurry! I'm very cold today, Sha!"

They entered a big white room with six electric lights on the ceiling.

There was a marble table in the middle of the room.

It was an operation table, similar to the ones you see in hospitals.

The woman moved fast and after a few seconds Dickson was lying on the table, tied and unable to move.

The skeleton looked at him with hunger.

"Check her blood. Quickly . . . She is healthy and strong. She can't be like all the others! Before we throw her into the river we will have to torture her so that she cannot escape like the last nurse and talk . . ."

"She didn't talk!" the woman answered sharply. "The dagger shut her up! And the woman who saw who was holding it died, too."

"Don't speak so much!" the monster warned her.

The woman took a syringe and the detective felt pain in his neck.

She took a lot of his blood.

"Well?" the skeleton was impatient. "Should I torture her?"

"She's perfectly healthy," the woman said.

The detective felt very tired and it was terribly difficult for him to overcome it. He saw the woman giving the skeleton a glass of his blood.

The monster drank it fast as if it was the finest quality wine.

"It is warming me up," he said. "Today you have given me blood.

When will you give me flesh?"

"Please, be patient, Prince Mirma!"

Prince Mirma! Dickson was sure he had heard the name before. It was a cruel tyrant who was put in prison on Borneo . . .

The detective sighed and opened his eyes pretending that he had just woken up from a long dream.

"Where am I? Oh, yes, I remember. But tell me—if you just wanted my blood, why did you put on this show?"

"A show?" the woman shouted.

"She is right," the monster said. "We'll pay her as much as she wants."

"Let me sit!" Dickson said quietly. "You can leave my legs tied but please put me next to the fireplace. What have you got here?" he asked pointing to the jars on the shelves.

"Beautiful flesh!" the skeleton replied. "Sha knows how to keep it in good condition until she can put it all over my body and make me look handsome again."

"I don't understand anything but if you pay me, I will not be interested in it," Dickson said. "Could I have a cigarette?"

"Hmm . . . Just one."

"Free my hand for a moment . . . the left one . . . I've got cigarettes in my pocket."

He inhaled the smoke and then threw the cigarette into the fire.

"Disgusting!" he said and closed his eyes.

Suddenly, thick smoke appeared in the fireplace and he noticed the terrified faces of the woman and the monster.

"Those cigarettes are wonderful," he thought. "First you inhale high quality tobacco, then gas and smoke appear. I'm sure Tom Wills will notice the smoke coming from the chimney."

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"Oh, my God! How awful he is!"

Harry Dickson immediately recognized the voice of his assistant. He opened his eyes and saw a group of policemen. **He was lying on the floor in the corridor, still dressed in the nurse's uniform. Tom Wills was holding his head.** He was lying on the floor in the corridor, still dressed in the nurse's uniform. Tom Wills was holding his head.

"You're waking up. Do you know that we have spent over an hour looking for you in this house?"

Harry Dickson drank a bit of cognac. He put up his head and saw two bodies on the floor next to him. Old Sha was sleeping and the body of the skeleton was uncovered—only his head and hands were white, the rest was dark.

"Is this some circus performer?" one of the policemen asked.

"This monster suffers from a strange kind of leprosy which does not destroy the body but mummifies it. But very often the head and hands are not so well preserved and that's why they look so horrible. This man is Prince Mirma."

"Is? . . . I guess he was. He is dead, Mr. Dickson. The gas killed him," Tom explained. "But look, the other person is moving."

"Be careful. The drug will stop working soon. Put handcuffs on her," the detective ordered.

The old woman opened her eyes. She probably understood everything immediately because she looked very angry. When she saw Dickson taking off his wig, she said:

"Oh, you devil!"

"Good evening, Sir Burland," Harry Dickson replied.

"What? Sir Burland is dead!" Tom Wills cried.

"No, not at all! Cornelius van Mylen, his second self, probably died with Sir Burland's help, who from that moment on could turn into the owner of Bantam House. It's an old trick but let me think . . . When you murdered poor Professor Derrington, you were the person who came to our club to replace him, am I right?"

"You have discovered all my secrets," Burland replied.

"Of course, now everything is clear. During one of his trips, Sir Burland met Prince Mirma and promised to help him. The prince was enormously rich and offered him a lot of money. So Doctor Burland started experimenting but when the authorities found out what was going on, they ordered him to leave the country. But Burland didn't give up the possibility of becoming very rich and brought Prince Mirma to England. Here he started living in secret in Bantam House and Cornelius van Mylen took over his position in London."

"And who killed Miss Marshall?" Tom wanted to know.

"I believe it was Burland—he always solved important problems himself. But then after Van Mylen's death he hoped to get away with his crime."

"And who was the man who drove the car looking for potential victims?" Tom continued to ask questions.

"Burland, too. He can change into any possible person. Now there is no way he will escape punishment."

Part 1: Vocabulary

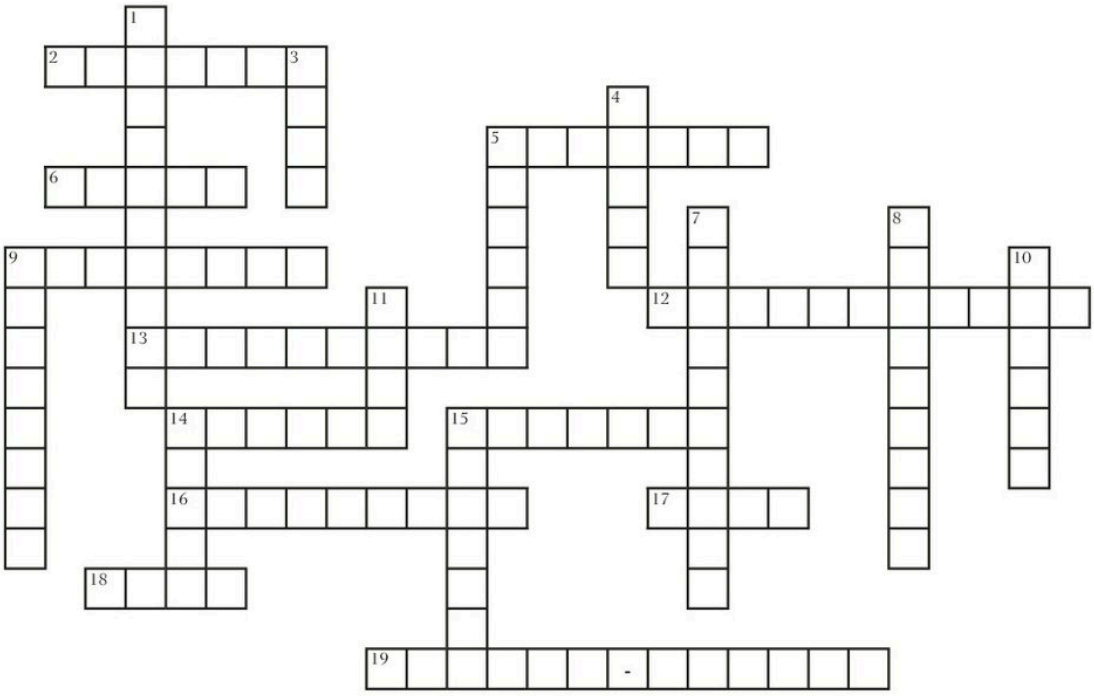
Task 1:

Fill in the gaps with words formed from those given at the end of each sentence:

1. Two thousand nurses are ..... in this town. EMPLOY
2. She will do the ..... for you as you will not be allowed to leave the house. SHOP
3. They were driving along ..... London streets. CROWD
4. Dickson looked at her wrinkled face, her flabby cheeks and her ..... figure. ATTRACT
5. He bowed his head in greeting and not waiting for an ..... he sat down in an armchair. INVITE
6. "Solid gold!" he cried in ..... . ADMIRE
7. Harry Dickson turned back immediately and saw the ..... face of Mrs. Sturdee. TERROR
8. You were involved in this case but thanks to your ..... it was covered up. CONNECT
9. He had the impression that the ..... around him was pulling him down. DARK
10. Should I allow him to play such a role if the enemy is so .....? DANGER

Task 2:

Read the clues below and complete the crossword. All the words are **adjectives**:



Across:

2. a house visited by ghosts
5. normal or typical
6. not able to see
9. not able to stop using, for example, drugs
12. having power or influence
13. without a job
14. too soft, when you talk about cheeks
15. clever as a fox

16. not permanent
17. so thin that you can see bones through the skin
18. quiet, not angry
19. often forgetting about something

Down:

1. not trusting
3. not able to hear
4. causing physical or mental pain
5. made to laugh
7. about a disease that you can catch
8. awake
9. real, in fact
10. cut in wood
11. warm and comfortable (about a room)
14. deadly
15. interested in something

Part 2: Grammar

Task 1:

Complete the sentences below using *some*, *any* or *no*:

1. Do you have ..... family or friends?
2. I had to dismiss her but later I found out that she had ..... money, poor girl.
3. I hate people who are not punctual, ... matter what their position is.
4. We've already met, so there is ..... need to introduce myself.
5. I don't want to keep you ..... longer.
6. I haven't noticed ..... evidence of crime.
7. I can't stand it ..... more.
8. I guess you are going to leave London for ..... time.
9. I could get information about your life without ..... problem.
10. The Prince offered him ..... money for his help.

Task 2:

Combine the following sentences using *who*, *which*, etc.:

1. You will be taking care of a man. He is mentally ill.
2. There is only a housekeeper. She is half deaf and half blind.
3. Mrs. Hinchcliff was sitting on a chair. Tom Wills had placed it for her in front of Harry Dickson's desk.
4. Sir Burland was a well-known doctor. The detective had already met him several times.
5. The nurse was sitting by the bed. She got up when they came in.
6. He noticed a scar on his left cheek. He remembered it.
7. He saw the lights of a boat. It belonged to the police.
8. Inside a car Lizzie saw a man. He was watching her carefully.
9. Dickson switched on a lamp. It stood on a small table.
10. This man suffers from a strange kind of leprosy. It does not destroy the body but mummifies it.

Task 3:

Change the questions below into Indirect Questions:

1. What do you want?
   Explain to me .....
2. Where are we going?
   Could you tell me .....
3. Will I ever see you again?
   Tell me please .....
4. What do you think about it?
   He wants to know .....
5. Where is this house?
   You have to show me .....
6. Did you start suspecting me today?
   Could you inform me .....
7. Why did Mrs. Sturdee shout?
   Do you understand .....
8. What are you doing here?
   Can you explain .....
9. Have you found a job?
   Tell me please .....
10. Where am I?
    Do you know .....

Task 4:

Change the verbs in brackets into a suitable tense to make 1st conditional sentences:

1. If you (continue)..... this chase, you (end)..... it with me at the bottom of this river.
2. If you (help)..... me earn a living, you (do)..... a good deed.
3. I (pay)..... for the investigation, even if it (not prove)..... anything.
4. I (allow)..... you to stay here, if you (want)..... to.
5. If you (decide)..... to arrest me, I (not protest)..... .
6. I (find)..... you, even if I (have to)..... hunt for you all around the world.
7. If you (not mind)..... , I (sit)..... for a moment in front of your mirror.
8. I (kill)..... myself if I (not get)..... a job.
9. If you (not ask)..... too many questions, I (be able)..... to help you.
10. It (be)..... better if we (not talk)..... at all.

Task 5:

Complete the following sentences using *somebody*, *anybody*, *nobody*, *something*, *anything* or *nothing*:

1. You won't go to visit ..... and you will not write letters.
2. She heard ..... coming towards her.
3. Unemployment is high but ..... has been done to change this situation.
4. Have you done ..... to help her?
5. She doesn't recognize ..... and she talks about terrifying things.
6. Dickson laughed but he started thinking about ..... else.
7. He knocked several times but ..... opened the door.
8. ..... appeared behind her.
9. "There's ..... to laugh at," she said angrily.
10. I'll see if there is ..... interesting to read.

Solutions

Part 1:

Task 1:

1. unemployed	2. shopping	3. crowded	4. unattractive	5. invitation
6. admiration	7. terrified	8. connections	9. darkness	10. dangerous

Task 2:

Across:

2. HAUNTED 5. AVERAGE 6. BLIND 9. ADDICTED 12. INFLUENTIAL 13. UNEMPLOYED
14. FLABBY 15. CUNNING 16. TEMPORARY 17. BONY 18. CALM 19. ABSENT-MINDED

Down:

1. SUSPICIOUS 3. DEAF 4. CRUEL 5. AMUSED 7. CONTAGIOUS 8. CONSCIOUS
9. ACTUAL 10. CARVED 11. COZY 14. FATAL 15. CURIOUS

Part 2:

Task 1:

1. any 2. no 3. no 4. no 5. any 6. any 7. any 8. some 9. any 10. some

Task 2:

1. You will be taking care of a man who is mentally ill.
2. There is only a housekeeper who is half deaf and half blind.
3. Mrs. Hinchcliff was sitting on a chair which Tom Wills had placed for her in front of Harry Dickson's desk.
4. Sir Burland was a well-known doctor whom the detective had already met several times.
5. The nurse who was sitting by the bed got up when they came in.
6. He noticed a scar on his left cheek which he remembered.
7. He saw the lights of a boat which belonged to the police.
8. Inside a car Lizzie saw a man who was watching her carefully.
9. Dickson switched on a lamp which stud on a small table.
10. This man suffers from a strange kind of leprosy which does not destroy the body but mummifies it.

Task 3:

1. Explain to me what you want.
2. Could you tell me where we are going?
3. Tell me please if I will ever see you again.
4. He wants to know what you think about it.
5. You have to show me where this house is.
6. Could you inform me if you started suspecting me today?
7. Do you understand why Mrs. Sturdee shouted?
8. Can you explain what you are doing here?
9. Tell me please if you have found a job.
10. Do you know where I am?

Task 4:

1. continue, will end	2. help, will do	3. will pay, doesn't prove	4. will allow, want
5. decide, won't protest	6. will find, have to	7. don't mind, will sit	8. will kill, don't get
9. don't ask, will be able	10. will be, don't talk		

Task 5:

1. anybody	2. somebody	3. nothing	4. anything	5. anybody
6. something	7. nobody	8. somebody	9. nothing	10. anything

EXERCISES

hopeless beznadziejny

exhausted wyczerpany

wander wędrować, tułać się

pass mijać

remind przypominać

wrap owijać

head for udać się w kierunku

neighborhood okolica

scary budzący strach

not have a penny in your pocket nie mieć grosza przy duszy

bank brzeg

nearby w pobliżu

voyage podróż morska

cry *tu*: płakać

unemployed bezrobotny

receive otrzymać

past ostatnie, minione

apply for ubiegać się o

footsteps kroki

flashlight latarka

immoral niemoralny

chase pościg

probable prawdopodobny

prevent zapobiec

notice zauważyć

shadow cień

be used to być przyzwyczajonym do

misjudge źle ocenić

reply odpowiedzieć

sight wzrok

I've been told so tak mi powiedziano

earn a living zarobić na życie

deed uczynek

kindness dobroć

philanthropist filantrop

offer zaproponować

suspiciously podejrzliwie

contagious zakaźny

mentally umysłowo

instead zamiast

taste smakować

scare wystraszyć

haunted nawiedzony

guess domyślać się

condition warunek

cozy przytulny

maid służąca

housekeeper gosposia

deaf głuchy

blind ślepy

you will not be allowed nie będzie ci wolno

cry *tu*: krzyknąć

You can take it or leave it Decydujesz się albo nie

be over skończyć się

hesitate wahać się

blow (blew, blown) wiać

Let it be! Niech tak będzie!

to each other do siebie

step krok

ahead of przed

breath oddech

mean (meant, meant) znaczyć

collar kołnierz

steering wheel kierownica

doesn't matter nie ma znaczenia

impatiently niecierpliwie

be silent milczeć

guess zgadywać

suburbs przedmieścia

branch gałąź

beep the horn nacisnąć klakson

dagger sztylet

carved wyrzeźbiony

entrance door drzwi wejściowe

cause spowodować

warmth ciepło

whisper szeptać

regret żałować

stranger obca osoba

farewell żegnaj

badly lit słabo oświetlony

step in wejść do środka

realize zdać sobie sprawę

terrify przerażać

turn the knob nacisnąć klamkę

trapped w pułapce

towards w kierunku, w stronę

wrinkled pomarszczony

stare gapić się

beg błagać

suicide samobójstwo

commit popełnić

sin grzech

huge olbrzymi

president przewodniczący, prezes

support wspierać

nod kiwnąć potakująco głową

seem wydawać się

attend chodzić do

flabby obwisły

cheek policzek

effort wysiłek

silence cisza

absent-minded roztargniony

who we weren't satisfied with

z której nie byliśmy zadowoleni

anger złość

dismiss zwolnić z pracy

impertinence zuchwałość

flush zaczerwienić się

dare ośmielić się coś zrobić

sue pozwać do sądu

punish ukarać

sentence skazać

strike (struck, struck) uderzać, wybijać

run late późnić się

carriage wóz konny

gate brama

can't stand nie znosić

bow ukłonić się

greet powitać

convince przekonać

shrug wzruszyć ramionami

concerning dotyczący

case sprawa

investigation śledztwo

prove dowieść

directed skierowany

glow jarzyć się

approval pochwała, aprobata

attached przywiązany

at least as far as her way of thinking is concerned przynajmniej pod względem jej sposobu myślenia

paperweight przycisk do papieru

do sb a favor wyświadczyć komuś przysługę

solid gold czyste złoto

admiration podziw

charity organizacja charytatywna

sign *tu*: podpisać

generous szczodry

incredible niesamowity

sigh westchnąć

topic temat

request prośba

assure zapewnić

repay spłacić

purpose cel

add dodać

besides poza tym

interrupt przerwać

feature cecha

attract attention przyciągać uwagę

victim ofiara

unless chyba że

argument spór

act działać

on behalf of w imieniu

research badać

coma śpiączka

leprosy trąd

forensic medicine medycyna sądowa

welcome przywitać

summarize streścić

evidence dowód

however jednakże

tuberculosis gruźlica

addicted uzależniony

lost in thought zamyślony

ring (rang, rung) zadzwonić

immediately natychmiast

lose your mind postradać zmysły

fever gorączka

tie związać

tremble trząść się

corridor korytarz

enter wejść

recognize rozpoznawać

104°F (st. Fahrenheita) = 39°C (st. Celsjusza)

things that don’t make sense rzeczy bez sensu

mumble mamrotać

witch wiedźma

innocently niewinnie

I didn't mean to insult you Nie chciałam pani obrazić

bonds pęta, węzły

injection zastrzyk

calm down uspokoić

syringe strzykawka

expose odsłaniać

strangle dusić

mercy litość

mark ślad

grasp schwycić

magnifying glass lupa

frown zmarszczyć brwi

twitch drgnąć

bony kościsty

skeleton kościotrup

but *tu*: oprócz

moan jęczeć

conscious świadomy, przytomny

bind (bound, bound) wiązać

untie rozwiązać

grab chwycić

anyway zresztą

behave zachowywać się

darkness ciemność

hole dziura

bird ptak

nest gniazdo

appear pojawić się

mud błoto

unconscious nieprzytomny

authority władza

interfere wtrącać się

waste tracić

allow pozwalać

suprised zaskoczony

host gospodarz

sympathy współczucie

he was to find out miał się dowiedzieć

let down zawieść

supposed to do sth mieć coś zrobić

scream okrzyk

faint zemdleć

chest klatka piersiowa

blood krew

fear strach

recover wrócić do równowagi

pull ciągnąć, wyciągnąć

weapon broń

wound rana

instantaneous natychmiastowy

handkerchief chustka

puzzle zagadka

by the way a przy okazji

come round odzyskać przytomność

suspect podejrzewać

announce oświadczyć

including włączając

war wojna

hide (hid, hidden) ukryć

offend obrazić

treat traktować

Foreign Office brytyjskie MSZ

Damn it! Cholera!

fair game gra fair

otherwise w przeciwnym razie

compliment komplement

influential wpływowy

furiously wściekle

hunt polować

average średni, przeciętny

appreciate doceniać

frank szczery

lead prowadzić

Surabaya miasto w Indonezji

involved zaangażowany

cover up zatuszować

similarity podobieństwo

admit przyznać

indeed rzeczywiście, faktycznie

fail ponieść porażkę

admire podziwiać

honest szczery

doubt wątpić

take into consideration brać pod uwagę

hatred nienawiść

bow ukłonić się

pipe fajka

unbelievable niewiarygodny

caretaker dozorca

badge odznaka

pass away umrzeć

knock pukać

warn ostrzec

swear przyrzekać

poison trucizna

punishment kara

collapse zemdleć

headline nagłówek

rescue ratować

cunning sprytny

library biblioteka

trick oszukać

scar blizna

within w ciągu

confirm potwierdzić

match pasować

was supposed to come back miał wrócić

find out dowiedzieć się

valuable wartościowy

carve rzeźbić

lid pokrywa

bend (bent, bent) schylić się

harmful szkodliwy

effect wpływ

locked zamknięty

draw conclusions wyciągać wnioski

badge identyfikator

borrow pożyczyć

bucket wiadro

pour wlać

petrol tank zbiornik paliwa

district dzielnica

old-fashioned staroświecki

disappear zniknąć

fence płot, ogrodzenie

last trwać

witness być świadkiem

impolitely niegrzecznie

curious ciekawy

bet założyć się

walking stick laska

bother fatygować się

directions wskazówki

noise hałas

howl wyć

murmur mamrotać

picklock wytrych

chin podbródek

enemy wróg

kidnap porwać

mislead wprowadzić w błąd

threaten zagrozić, przestraszyć

Bantam House Dom Pod Kogutem

amused rozbawiony

mind mieć coś przeciwko

tight obcisły

in case na wypadek gdyby

fatal śmiertelny

disease choroba

temporary tymczasowy

fit sprawny

suffer from chorować na

slam trzasnąć

shiver trząść się

catch a cold zaziębić się

earnestly poważnie

starvation głód

stove piecyk

comfortably wygodnie

image wizerunek

obey być posłusznym

bowl miska

dressing table toaletka

curtains zasłony

shutters okiennice

bulb żarówka

wig peruka

freeze (froze, frozen) zastygnąć w bezruchu

sign *tu*: znak

Sir Walter Scott (1771 -1832) a Scottish author

narrow wąski

gap przerwa

yawn ziewać

keep your cool zachować zimną krew

robe toga

skull czaszka

still bez ruchu

muscular umięśniony

sack worek

marble marmur

overcome przezwyciężyć

flesh ciało

cruel okrutny

pretend udawać

jar słoik

inhale wciągnąć np. powietrze lub dym

disgusting obrzydliwe

performer wykonawca, artysta

mummify zmumifikować

preserved zachowany

handcuffs kajdanki

your second self sobowtór

give up zrezygnować

get away with uniknąć kary za